

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

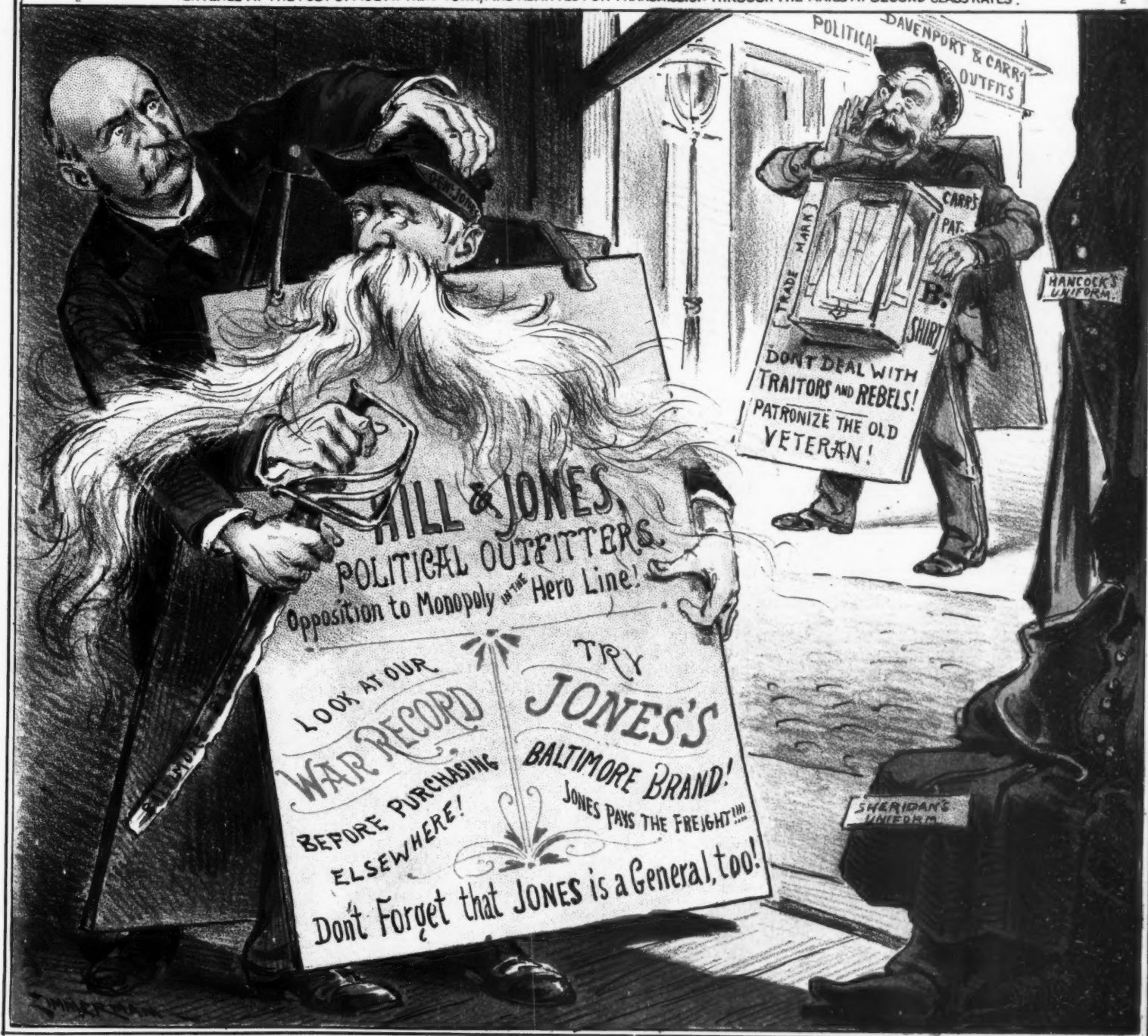
Suck

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THE RIVAL SANDWICH-MEN.

D. B. HILL.—"Here, Jones!—be a veteran, can't you? You sail out there, too, and do some hero business for Me and yourself!"

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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(SECOND CROP.)

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Shall we have a hereditary aristocracy of party? In the British scheme of government it is considered logical to make a man a legislator because his eighteenth great-grandfather was a legislator in his time. The inference from this is that the Englishman considers it possible to breed legislators from legislator stock, just as Alderney cows may be relied on to produce Alderney calves, so long as the taint of baser bovine blood is kept out of the strain. This idea has not the highest scientific sanction, and it is not by any means universally accepted of the tax-paying masses; still, it is in practical operation, and the system has its admirers.

Our friends, the leaders of the Blainiac wing of the Republican party, seem inclined to introduce this British notion into our politics. As far as we can find out, they claim the authority of an unimpeachable holiness for their party because the last generation of Republicans abolished slavery and saved the country from dismemberment. That these noble deeds were done by Republicans no one can doubt. And no one can doubt that they *were* noble deeds. But it is rather a long step in logical deduction to assume that Smith, sr., having been right and Republican in 1860, Smith, jr., being also Republican, must be also right, in 1885. Perhaps it is a fair assumption—perhaps the hereditary idea is right. We are only humble-minded and untutored Mugwumps, with nothing but our reason and our conscience to guide us, and we can't understand these subtleties. But if it be so, it is painful to a sensitive spirit to think of the agonies of that ensanguined veteran, the Honorable George Frisbie Hoar, when Hoar the younger, disdaining his grand inheritance of Republicanism, casts his youthful vote for a beggarly Democrat with reform principles.

We doubt, however, if the hereditary idea will take a strong hold on the fancy of the American people. It may do just at present, while the lungs of the Honorable John Sher-

"EQUALITY."



BILKINS (*his friend having been safely initiated*).—"Glad you're in, old fellow. Wanted to have you here, this long time. Now you're just as big a fool as I am. Shake!"

man, whom no amount of war or gore will glut, are yet pealing forth the battle-cries of 1863; but as a steady theory it won't hold out for many generations. It will be awkward for a candidate in 1927 to mount the orator's stump and demand the suffrages of the people on the ground that his grandfather was sound on the slavery question in 1860. If the people should ask the orator: "How do you stand on the question of common honesty?"—and he were obliged to respond that he stood where James G. Blaine stood in 1885, it might be still more awkward. When we get to electing dead men to office, it will be time enough to let dead issues take the place of live ones.

Indeed, it is somewhat disheartening, to-day, to find that our political battles must be fought out on lines drawn a generation ago. General Carr is agitating his tempestuous mouth to the effect that he does not wish to see his beloved country in the hands of traitors and rebels. General Jones, his opponent, feeling dimly that his marvelous moustache, his proud eminence as a maker of scales and his liberality in the payment of freights do not constitute a sufficiently strong claim upon the affections of the people, boldly asks for votes on the ground that he marched through Baltimore at the beginning of the Civil War. Neither Carr nor Jones has a word to say about the great warfare of the hour—about the fight against corruption. The fight of brother against brother, ended twenty years ago, is their political capital.

A good many honesty-loving men in both parties must wish that there were a third candidate in the field, to relieve them of their perplexity between Jones and Carr. The independent candidate, in truth, is beginning to take the form of a political necessity. In Brooklyn, at least, municipal reform finds such a champion in General Woodward, who is making a gallant fight against the spoilsmen of two parties. His candidacy draws the new line clearly and sharply. It is Woodward, non-partisan government, and municipal reform on the one side—it is out and out corruption, both Democratic and Republican, on the other. That is the plain English of it. The Republicans—that is, the spoils-seeking Republicans—are will-

ing to deliver over the city into the hands of their political enemies, so long as those enemies will keep up the old system of corruption. This is a noble vindication of the strength of Republican principles.

Now, in the stilly watches of the night,
 The man upon Fifth Avenue lies down
 To lose his troubles in delicious sleep.
 But when he tucks the quilts about his eyes,
 And passes off into the land of slumber,
 He has a nightmare that doth charge his soul
 With bristling terrors, and a cold sweat breaks
 Forth on his shining forehead.

For he seems
 To be in a close horse-car, rattled round
 By women with big baskets. Every time
 The car whirls round a corner, he whirls, too,
 And lands upon his back, and then the crowd
 Walks on his eyes, false-teeth and golden hair;
 And then the horse gets loose and comes around
 And gets into the car, and smashes things,
 And kicks the roof off with his mad hind-legs.

But he escapes, and for Fifth Avenue
 Makes a swift bee-line; for he thinks up there
 He'll see no horse-car; but he's horrified
 To stand upon the top step of his stoop
 And see a horse-car crashing rudely by,
 Marring the quiet of the neighborhood,
 Spoiling the beauty of the avenue,
 And making it seem just like to Greenwich St.
 Then doth the sleeper wake with hair on end,
 And rushes madly to the window-sill,
 And looks into the moonlit street below
 To see if he can see the hated car.

But it is gone. Yet at the breakfast-table
 The same dire nightmare seizes on his soul,
 Goes with him to his business, and returns,
 And keeps him in a state of fume and fret,
 Until he wishes great Excalibur
 He might take down, and with a single stroke
 Cut old Jake Sharp through like a piece of wood,
 And stick a skewer in his cold wish-bone,
 And on the skewer place a bit of card-board,
 And on the card-board write his epitaph—
 "Here lieth one who tried ingeniously
 To put his horse-cars on Fifth Avenue."

A SYCAMORE IN OCTOBER.

'Way up at the top of the sycamore-tree,
All leafless and bare are the branches I see.
It seems like the winter,
The desolate winter,
To me.

A little way down are the leaflets all gold
And russet and cardinal curled in the cold.
The autumn, the autumn,
The ripe rosy autumn
Behold.

Upon a gaunt limb in the sunshiny sheen
The leaflets are blowing a delicate green.
The summer, the summer,
The dream-haunted summer
Serene.

Oh, here are the seasons all four on the tree,
"But where is the spring-time?" you question of me.
The spring-time, the spring-time,
The bloom-scented spring-time?
Ah, see.

Just under the boughs where the shadows are met,
All shining with smiles under lashes of jet—
Why, there is the spring-time,
My own private spring-time,
Babette.

B. BALL.

So the New York Club will not fly the pennant from their flag-staff this year. This is really too bad. I hardly know just now how the city is going to survive the blow. But it will. That is a habit cities have, and New York has weathered storms before. But it is astonishing what a strong hold base-ball has taken on the popular mind. There must be something enchanting about the game. What it is I do not pretend to know. Maybe it is the umpire. I am not familiar with the game as it exists today; but I have noticed that the men of to-day feel the same spell that they did when they were red-cheeked, freckle-faced, barefooted, patched and tattered urchins, twenty odd years ago.

It seems to entice them away from their work as it used to lure them from school. But there was some excuse for them then. Take one of those drowsy summer afternoons in the red school-house, about an hour after recess, when the wind sighed seductively through the trees in the grove; when bees hummed and hummed invitingly in a way that suggested honey and fun; when the frisky, bushy-tailed squirrels came down from the trees and sat on the window-sills, and chattered about base-ball until they

were tired—and a boy who wouldn't make some excuse to get out and steal over to the ball-grounds was either sick, or too good, too beautiful and too holy for this wicked and deceitful world.

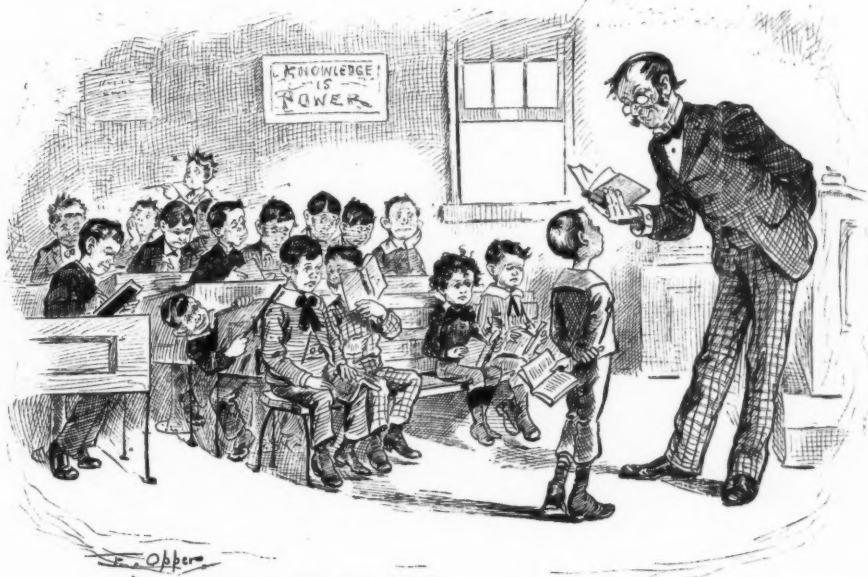
There are no such inducements offered now, but the men neglect their business to see a game just the same as they did in their callow youth. Base-ball is one of those habits which can't be shaken off any more than a pertinacious creditor. It clings to a man like an old knife. I don't know exactly why, but I have managed to escape the fascinating charm. Perhaps I had it so hard when I was a boy that I can't have it again. I may be vaccinated, so to speak. I am almost ashamed to admit that I haven't seen a game of base-ball since we played that famous game with Tommy Welsh's nine on the old grounds, just around the bend of the road, and out of sight of the little red school-house. You know the grounds and you certainly remember the game. Over the fence was out, and it was "no fair" hitting a man with the ball while he was running.

They don't play ball that way now, I understand. Ball was ball in those days. There wasn't any standing around on bases until one took root and sprouted. A man wasn't allowed to hit the ball with a can of dynamite. The ball wasn't made of solid steel in those days, and the catcher didn't get five thousand dollars a year to have his face disfigured. No, indeed. It was a good, old-fashioned, honest, active game. It was good exercise, too.

Don't you remember that game? I was thinner then, and could see across the field without my glasses. Well, wasn't that a game? There was no "one to nothing about that score." We made 58 and Tommy's nine made 42. It took us all day, and I made 30 of the runs myself. I could run then, but I don't suppose I could ever play as I did that day. Phyllis was there then. You remember sweet-faced, red-lipped, brown-haired little Phyllis? Of course you do. She was there that day, and when I won the game she was so happy she cried just a little. You remember that absurd way little Phyllis had? We walked home together after the game, and I wouldn't have changed places with an emperor. Ah, me! how time flies. I haven't seen a game since then, and Phyllis is the mother of enough boys to stock a base-ball nine and have enough left over to run for a doctor for the umpire.

B. NORTHROP.

MISTAKES WILL OCCUR.



"Tell me, Thomas, how many voyages around the world did Captain Cook make?"

"Three."

"Correct. And on which of these voyages was he killed?"

Puckerings.



O NATHALIE, I ask thee not
For that white lily hand of thine,
A smaller, simpler prayer is mine,
Thy grace may well to me allot.

I ask thee not to smile on me—
Too poor and humble is my state—
A humble suppliant at the gate,
In meekness I look up to thee.

I ask thee not from out thy store
To give me of thy garnered gold—
The soul's peace is not bought or sold—
Having enough, I want no more.

Small is my prayer, ah, meek and small,
Yet all my hope thereon doth rest—
Oh, soothe my agitated breast
With words that soft as rain-drops fall.

Small is my prayer, yet great the debt
I shall be but too glad to pay—
I only ask you when you play
That old piano—let me say
That that is every blessed day—
You 'll sometimes get a bit away,
Just for a little flyer, eh?
From "Boccherini's Minuet."

SPARE THE golden-rod and spoil the chromo.

PROFESSOR BAIRD says the National Museum is overcrowded. Turn the fossils out.

KING LUDWIG, of Bavaria, thrashes the dentist every time he has a tooth pulled. This is one of the few things which endear royalty to the average man.

SARAH ALTHEA HILL is going to star through the country as *Portia*. Such things as these make the average man wish that inciting a social scandal were a capital offense in San Francisco.

"LOUISE MICHEL, who is still in prison in France, is at work on a novel as well as a history." And yet, we believe, prisons are supposed to be reformatory institutions even in France.

"THE ANNUAL State Fair of Nevada opened in Reno a fortnight ago." So say the exchanges. There seems to be some error about this statement. There have been no murders in Nevada within that time, we believe.

HEREAFTER NO base-ball player is to receive a higher salary than two thousand dollars. No doubt this horrible state of base-ball affairs will be attributed to a Democratic administration by the sore-headed Blainiacs.

"W. L. RANDLE has been found guilty, at Eureka, Nev., of horse-stealing, and will be sentenced next week," is an item in a territorial paper. "Next week" is a long time for a Nevada lynching committee to wait. But perhaps they had other business on hand.

OUR MEETING.



I met her in the spring-time, when the trees
Were white with blossoms, and the happy birds
Went caroling through the bloom-perfumed air;
When skies were blue, and the arbutus crept
Along the brookside in the budding wood.
Then was it that we met, though not beneath
The spreading shadow of some noble oak,
But at the village drug-store, where I went
To fill my Russia case with good cigars.
I'll ne'er forget her as she graceful stood
Beside the soda-fountain, with one hand
Against the dimple of her ivory chin,
The other holding in the black-and-tan
That frisked and capered on a silvery chain.
She seemed all filled with sweet and tender dreams,
And when a smile across her features flitted,
I made my mind up to rush unto her,
And cast my bonds at her small taper feet,
And hurl myself thereafter and exclaim,
In mad, impassioned language: "Imogene,
I love you unto desperation; say
Me nay, and in two little weeks or more
They'll find me corpse upon the dreary strand,
Buffeted by the wild waves, like the dog
Who's poisoned in the golden span of summer."

A feeling most peculiar then came o'er me,
Her dazzling beauty made the drug-store whirl
Wild as the vortex of a maelstrom eddy.
'Twas all one mixture of gold-labeled bottles,
Electric tooth-brushes, and various pills,
Till signs and candy-counter and the clerk
Were mixed in an inane and flying mass.
Just as I made a move to tell my passion,
The airy sylph like a sweet vision flew
Across, and to the clerk said, musically:
"Give me a cake of Miller's chewing-gum."
And then I fled; I haven't seen her since.
Full many springs, arbutus-trimmed, have passed,
With blooming orchards and with mating birds.
Fled is the maiden to—I know not where.
Alas, alack, the days that are no more!

THE UNINTELLECTUAL LIFE.

After Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

LETTER II.

To a Philistine Who Liked Dickens.

I was not at all surprised, the other night, when you told me you liked Dickens. I knew you liked Dickens, because when you found out that I was one of the army of pen-workers, you began to lard your conversation with what you doubtless considered facetious allusions to Mr. Guppy, Alfred Jingle, Mr. Squeers, Cap'n Cuttle, and other personages who figure in the novels of the great Dickens.

You told me that you could never get enough of Dickens, and I was pretty sure that you couldn't, because it seemed to me, on reflection, that there was more mental pabulum in his pages than you could comfortably digest between now and the time when you yourself will be written about—on marble.

When I asked you how you liked Anstey's "Giant's Robe," and Sidney Lusk's "As It Was Written," you sneered and said you never read any of these new writers.

Then I knew you. You are an old friend of mine. You are the man who lives on conventionalities. You like Dickens because you have been told to do so—because it is safe, and the quite eminently proper thing to do. You would look with horror upon any man who ventured to intimate that he could not endure Dickens. And you look with equal amazement upon the man who dares to express his opinion that a new book is a fine book.

My dear boy, that is the very worst form of Philistinism. The man who says Homer is a better poet than Robert Browning, and who prefers Theocritus to Tennyson, does not usually say so because he thinks so. He does it because he has been convinced by rusted old college professors and by the general conventionality of a highly artificial condition of society that it is the proper thing to do. And he does it still more especially—if I may put it that way—because he has read Homer and Theocritus, and has not read Browning and Tennyson.

You said, when we talked about this matter the other night, that any man of proper taste would prefer old wine to new. At the time I failed to perceive the sophistry of your specious analogy, but I have since then thought the matter over, and I see its utter weakness.

Good reading cannot be compared to good wine. A man does not feed his body on wine—he uses it simply as an accompaniment of the food, or as a cheering stimulant.

The body is fed on solid food. Now let me ask you, in the name of common-sense, whether a man should prefer canned vegetables to fresh ones just out of the garden?

Should he prefer meat of an uncertain age and quite certain toughness to that which is new and young and tender?

I trow not. I cannot imagine you, for instance, sitting down to a dinner of canned herring and tomatoes, with preserved quinces and condensed coffee afterward.

Haven't you discovered that new stars are rising in the literary firmament? Are you going to read Smollett and Fielding and Sterne and Pope and Abraham Cowley and the rest of them during the remainder of your life, and let the sweet voices of Swinburne and Dobson and Stevenson and all the young singers of the new dawn float away from you forever?

Don't you know that one of these days they, too, will belong to the past?

Of course you do. But what you forget is that when that time comes you, too, will be past—so far past that the world will have utterly forgotten whether you ever existed or not, though your Philistinism will live after you.

Come out of your shell. Don't be a protoplasm. Try to realize that you live in the nineteenth century, not in the seventeenth. Make yourself a part of it. Don't be going around with a body thirty years of age and a soul two hundred and fifty.

Read the books of to-day. Maybe they are not as good as those of yesterday, but they are good enough for you. You will get some new ideas out of them, too. You think that all the good thought in the world is in the Astor Library, or some such place.

Don't believe it. Wake up. And, for my sake, don't tell people that Dickens is good enough for you. He's good enough for any one, but man cannot live by Dickens alone. You can't draw sustenance from one source forever. Fertilize the old soil of your mind. Dickens is dead. Let him rest.

W. J. HENDERSON.

It is said that Tennyson looked with contempt upon Lord Houghton's poems. If Lord Houghton were alive now to read the latest effusions of the belauded jinglesmith, he might reciprocate the feeling.

A REFLECTION.



It is apple year, and the trees are still
Red with fruit that defies the chill,
Yellow with spheres of frost-bit gold,
Brown with russets that laugh at the cold,
And they hold a hint of the summer gone
In the pale-checked greenings that still hang on.

Bud and blossom and fruit and leaf,
They grew through the summer too sweet and brief,
Grew in the beauty that gladdens the eye
Even beneath the October sky,
Bravely burgeoning, fair and bright,
A joy to poet's and painter's sight.

And never an apple dreamed it was meant,
As it grew and grew while the summer went,
For a pale-faced boy with his garments rent,
A poor little devil, city pent,
Who invests in two for a single cent.

GORE AND MOLASSES.

"THE HARVARD lacrosse team was beat in its match with the Montreals by nine goals to nothing. * * * Only enough people were admitted up-stairs into the North gallery and supper-rooms to comfortably fill them, and when you got there you could get something to eat." —*Yale News*. The English Language appears to be unpopular at Yale.

A GERMAN SCHOOL-TEACHER in Pennsylvania indorses a book as follows: "We are full brother-in-law to the German language, having married a Kentucky Dutchwoman two years before she laid aside her wooden shoes, and feel warranted in giving this particular book our unqualified approval."

"THE BATTENBERG family, which is making rather a stir in Europe just now, is descended from one Hauck, a man of small education, who was editor of a newspaper in Warsaw, sixty years ago," says a Western paper. This is what surprises us; we thought they were descended from two Haucks.

AT PRESENT the breezes seem to have a leave-taking way about them, or, to be more explicit, you can easily tell that winter approaches when the trees begin to leave off their summer garmenture. But, nevertheless, it grieves an Irishman to see a green leaf turn red.

OH, FOR the smiles like those that start
Copiously from the small boy's heart,
And go flitting into the roots of his hair,
Proclaiming he's happy and free from care,
As he stretches his mouth and rolls his eye
Serenely over the pumpkin-pie.

"THE WEAKEST and least elastic wood in this country is the *figus aurea*." It is astonishing how much *figus aurea* has been used in this state recently in the construction of political platforms.

A CORRESPONDENT HAS discovered that W. H. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould never go to church. This emphasizes the need of a church where the collection-plate is not passed around.

THE POST OF DUTY—The Custom-House.

CIVILIZATION is gradually penetrating the far West. A dress-suit and a tall hat have recently been seen in Tin Cup, and trains are said to be running regularly on the Mexican Central road.

"CONTROL THE consumption of your gas," advises a newspaper. That is easy enough to do; but what this country really needs is something to control the consumption of the gas-meter.

THE WESTERN papers are filled with references to "Adventists." An Adventist, we believe, is a man who always misses a few days of "getting there."

IN ST. LOUIS, they say, policemen dress like gentlemen. This is useful to strangers. They can always tell an officer from a citizen.

OVER THE fences across the brown meads
The shout of the red-coated fox-hunter's borne;
Over the fences and deep ditches speeds
The hunter, braced up by the toot of the horn.

"It's English, you know," and it's very fine fun;
And when it is over, and weary each nag,
It's funny to think of the distance they've run,
And all on the scent of an anise-seed bag.

A BOSTON PAPER says: "The best fish-stories are told by the Boston Fish Bureau. They are reliable, too." This seems rather illogical. The best fish-stories are usually not reliable.

AN EIGHT-FOOTED COW has been found in Lincoln, Ill.; but, just as luck would have it, there is not a glue-factory within two hundred miles. This is what they call the "irony of fate."

AN EXCHANGE prints an article entitled, "Dressing for Photographs." Judging from the photographs of favorite actresses, they apparently don't dress for them.

PUCK'S HOUSEHOLD ART DEPARTMENT.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I have just painted an excellent representation (at least, my two cousins, who are visiting me, think it is) of a common house-fly on my uncle's bald head, who is asleep in the library. Will you please tell me what varnish to use to render it permanent? As your paper is published to-day, I am hoping you will be able to answer me before he wakes.

Anxiously yours,
JENNIE BUSYBEE.

Dissolve one ounce of gum Arabic in a quart of water, carefully strain out the teeth, and apply with a camel's-hair brush. This will give your work the true Oriental touch.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

How shall I frame a picture which I have cut out of *Life* illustrating a North American joke, first discovered by one of the Norse explorers, A. C.?

Very truly yours,
PATIENCE.

Any style will do, if sufficiently simple. A few gilded chestnut-boughs attached to a cast-iron frame will be natural and effective.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I have a painting which I am assured is a genuine Reynolds; but it needs cleaning and restoring. Can you give me directions for its treatment?

Yours truly,
INQUIRER.



First boil it thoroughly in soap-suds and oxalic acid. When dry, go over the rougher portions with sand-paper, and let your boy slide downhill on it for about a month. Then forge a certificate showing that Sir Joshua Reynolds always locked up his studio and threw the key away on Sunday, and sell certificate and picture to the Metropolitan Museum of Art for fifty thousand dollars, installment plan, ten cents a week.



To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Please give directions for finishing in oils the accompanying sketch for the portrait of a patriot.

MASSACHUSETTS.



Paint the flesh-tints with the colors generally used for a man of the patriot's age, except the cheek, for which you will need a mixture of yellow-ochre and common bronze powder to give the rich brassy tones. You had better get the latter materials at some wholesale house. The metallic lustre of the tea-service can be given in the same way with the aid of a little silver-white.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I have a dressing-gown of white flannel which I have purchased as a present for my father, an old gentleman of sixty, and which I desire to decorate for him. In the summer he spends much of his time on the front piazza, so I want a sweetly pretty design.

Very truly yours,
MINNIE MARSHMALLOW.

Sew a broad band of crimson round the bottom. Above this put a frieze representing a hunting-scene in the olden time, and leave the upper part blank, as you can probably let it out for advertisements. A few sleigh-bells sewed on at intervals, and a Quaker bonnet will complete a novel and tasty costume, such as any gentleman might be proud of.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

How shall I decorate my bed-room, which has olive-green walls, a blue ceiling, and yellow wood-work?

Truly yours,
SOPHIE WILKINSON.

[We feel a certain delicacy in stating a public correspondence with a young lady on such a subject; but we trust our high reputation will absolve us from any breath of malignant suspicion.]

Hang maroon curtains on the windows, with vermilion trimmings and orange-chrome centers. Paint a laughing hyena in the middle of the ceiling, and put portraits of all the Presidents of the United States on the walls wherever you feel a sense of emptiness. Run strips of gilt paper round the furniture, and paste a lot of last year's one-cent valentines on the door. Strew the floor

with carpet-tacks, and then when you patter round in your dear little bare feet, you will acquire a certain sprightliness of movement which will some day win the heart of a British dude, while the thoughtless exclamations that rise to your lips will work in splendidly in your conversation with the best English society.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I wear a red hunting-coat which has several times caused me to be mistaken for an Englishman; but the country in which I live is a cattle-raising one, and I have had several narrow escapes from excited bulls. I am loath to sacrifice either my coat or my life, but do not know what to do.

Yours truly,
ANGLOMANIAC.



You might carry a barrel around with you, and take refuge in it while the danger lasts, explaining to the spectators that you wanted to see how Diogenes used to feel. If this is not practicable, paste a few photographs of the English royal family on your coat, which will be appropriate, and will keep the most courageous bull in a state of dazed terror, and at a distance of about five leagues.

IMITATION.



My love she leans from the window
Afar in a rosy land;
And red as a rose are her blushes,
And white as a rose her hand.

And the roses cluster around her,
And mimic her tender grace;
And nothing but roses can blossom
Wherever she shows her face.

I dwell in a land of winter,
From my love a world apart—
But the snow blooms over with roses
At the thought of her in my heart.

* * *
This German style of poem
Is uncommonly popular now;
For the worst of us poets can do it—
Since Heine showed us how. V. H. D., P. P

DAMIAN AND THE ACCORDEON.

The accordion is an instrument of torture invented at Vienna by one Damian, whose sudden death some years later caused no surprise in the community. Damian is said to have died by request; but his unholy invention survives him, and is now within the reach of all, at the low price of one dollar and seventy-five cents.

At this day, strange to say, we cannot come within reach of the sound of the invention of Damian without thinking of the front half of Damian's name, and often, mayhap, in a hasty and unpremeditated way, we not only think of it, but utter it in an emphatic tone of voice.

But let us so far as we can spread the broad mantle of charity over the great crime of Damian. Perhaps his invention was an error of the head and not of the heart. Perhaps he began to commit crimes in a small, retail way when a thoughtless youth, and, without a guiding hand to direct his course with a shingle, or a guardian angel to admonish him occasionally with a slipper, he went on from bad to worse until finally, when he had fallen entirely under the influence of the evil one, he invented the accordion.

History is almost silent about Damian, but I have reason to believe that investigation would reveal some mitigating spots in his too sad case.

At times when I have lived within a square or two of a man who harbored an accordion, and would come at eventide to his open case-ment, or upon his porch, and vigorously assault his neighbors with "Silver Threads Among the Gold," I have spoken harshly of Damian and his invention, and I may have uttered some regrets that he died before I was old enough to attend his funeral; but when I have been beyond the sound of the accordion for a year or two the malice has gone out of my heart, and I have felt more friendly toward the memory of Damian. The influence of pity has come over me, as it were, and I have felt that if Damian would come out of his grave and appear to me, I would not smite him as I aforesaid may have thought I would, but rather would I go up to him and endeavor to borrow a dollar of him.

I am naturally quick to anger, and I can at times feel as if I wanted to strike a large man who has been dead forty or fifty years; but the feeling does not last.

Now that Damian is dead, I suppose it were not right that we should think too severely of him. Perhaps his own conscience punished him severely before the silver cord was snatched asunder. Perhaps he was sorry enough for that which he had done when it was too late to

undo it. Perhaps when his last hour had come, and the dread summons was at hand, there fell upon the ears of Damian the strains of his own diabolical invention, out of which his nearest neighbor vigorously titillated "Climbing Up the Golden Stair."

It should more than satisfy us that Damian did not die happy, and that the local paper did not refer to his demise as "the loss of a valued and highly-esteemed fellow-citizen whose place in the community will be hard to fill."

It may be a little late now, but as his most intimate associates seem to have forgotten it at the proper time, perhaps in the heat of passion, I offer the following preamble and resolutions upon the death of Mr. Damian:

WHEREAS, our fellow-citizen, Mr. Damian, the inventor of the accordion, has been removed from among us in a sudden way. Therefore,

Resolved, that we bow in humble submission to the decree of Providence in this matter, and trust that the departed has gone where the voice of the accordion is not heard. If so,

Resolved, that our loss is Damian's eternal gain.

Resolved, that while we cannot agree with the coroner's jury in their hasty verdict that Damian came to his death by tampering with a green peach pie, we believe that the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and it is enough to know that Damian, the inventor of the accordion, is now no more.

Resolved, that aside from his one great crime, Damian was not a bad man, being a kind son-in-law and a regular, prompt-paying subscriber to his local paper.

Resolved, that the death of Damian should be a sad warning to us all when we feel tempted to invent something from which we can squeeze sounds to fill the world with woe and cause a panic in the price of real-estate.

Resolved, that while the demise of Damian was not altogether unexpected by this community, it was no less a shock; and, finally, be it

Resolved, that now the worst is known, we feel better.

If I have said anything in this brief article that will cause the world to think less harshly of Damian, the inventor of the accordion, I shall feel that I have not lived entirely in vain.

SCOTT WAY.

ACCORDING TO the Norristown *Herald*, "persons who live next door to a young man who is learning to play on a fiddle, will want to seek the repose a cemetery grants when they learn that some fiend has invented a duplex violin-string, by which the power of the tone is doubled." Not at all. They would be much more likely to send the young man to the cemetery for repose. This is not an unselfish world, as a whole.

A DETROIT YOUNG man advertises: "Wanted—A Permanent Position in a Store." That oughtn't to be very hard to get. If he isn't too particular, and doesn't object to the weather, he might find employment as a cigar-store Indian. That would be permanent.

AN EXCHANGE speaks of the "vitality of frogs." We know something about this. We heard a singer twenty years ago. He had a frog in his throat. We heard him again last week. The frog was still alive. Musicians say this is not at all unusual.

"WHAT WOULD a woman be without hair-pins?" asks a writer. Woman would be all right; but what would the poor little hair-pin do?

A LEARNED DOCTOR says: "Keep your infants warm." We believe this is the usual rule, unless it has been changed since we have grown up.

COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS.



"TALK ABOUT YER MAUD S.—G'LONG WID YER!"

BLESS HER!



YOUNG HUSBAND.—“Now, love, which will you have—the châtelaine watch, the bracelets, or the necklace?”

YOUNG WIFE.—“We must avoid unnecessary expense, dear. I'm sure if you buy all three the man will give you a reduction on them. I'm your own saving, economical little wifey, ain't I?”

CURRENT COMMENT.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Dakota girl, taken up into the air by a cyclone, carried out of sight, and brought easily down in a field a quarter of a mile away, describes her sensation while in transit as that of being rapid and constantly pricked by thousands of needles. Since her experience she has been affected similar to a person with St. Vitus's dance.—*Exchange.*

If the man who wrote the above is affected at all, it is probably by remorse, or, at least, it should be so.

No, GENTLE Althea, Hawthorne's “Mosses from an Old Manse” is not a collection of ancient jokes. Neither does a man step out between the acts on cloven feet. Give us a rest, gentle Althea.

A PHILOSOPHER SAYS: “The object of art is works.” From a careful perusal of the daily papers, we inferred that the chief object of art was to give the critics a chance to earn their livelihood.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE papers speak of “potato-bees.” We don't exactly know what kind of bee this is; but it ought to be very popular if it puts potatoes up in pretty little cells like honey.

THE EDITOR feels lone and miserable
When he can find no joke that's scissorable.

“TREAT DAHLIAS as you would potatoes,” advises an agricultural journal. This is very indefinite advice. How do most men treat their potatoes?

WHEN the leaves are sere and dead,
When the robins South have fled,
Then the cow's on pumpkins fed,
And the small boy on the head
Hits you with the apple red.
When the golden days are sped,
When the stores their awnings shed,
Why, then the coal goes up,
And then fresh pork goes down;
The target-company shoots for the cup,
And the church-fair takes the town.

THE CITIZENS of Hamilton, Canada, have adopted the practice of locking their doors at night, since the American colony has been established in that city.

THE DRUGGISTS at the seashore,
And also on the mountains,
Now hang sad cypress chaplets
Upon their soda-fountains.

A MINNESOTA MAN has burned four skating-rinks. He must have been more sensitive than the average man.

“WORDS, WORDS, WORDS”—Evarts.

NOVEL DEFINITIONS.

“All in a Garden Fair”—Your Neighbors' Poultry.
“More Bitter Than Death”—A Reduction of Salary.
“A Great Mistake”—The Nomination of Hill.
“Homeward Bound”—Jumping Up the Stoop.
“Three Feathers”—A Boarding-House Pillow.
“The Midnight Sun”—The Electric-Light.
“The Water-Babies”—Dow and St. John.
“Under the Red Flag”—The Auctioneer.
“Taken at the Flood”—The Ferry-Boat.
“The Talisman”—PICKINGS FROM PUCK.
“Wedded, Yet No Wife”—The Groom.
“The Antiquary”—Susan B. Anthony.
“So Near, and Yet So Far”—Pay-Day.
“The Way of the World”—Broadway.
“Only a Woman”—H-nry J-m-s.
“Which Shall It Be?”—PUCK.
“'93”—The Coryphée.

BASE-BALL DEFINED.

Three Balls—Simpson.
Not Out—H. G. Pearson.
Out on the First—October.
A Picked Nine—The Muses.
A Wild Throw—Three sixes.
An Earned Run—“Adonis.”
The First Base—Ask Mapleson.
A Base-Hit—A successful counterfeit.
A Two-Bagger—The commercial traveler.
Called on Account of Darkness—F. Ward.
Shoulder High—The agriculturist's trousers.
A Short-Stop—Five minutes for refreshments.
The Home-Plate—The one on the front door.
A Daisy-Cutter—One tailor out of a thousand.
A Scratch Hit—That which a hen makes in your garden.
A Fine Catch—The mess of fish the angler says he hooked last summer.
A Foul Fly—The one that takes possession of the worshiper's bald head.
A Pitcher's Game—To be empty on the A. M. when, for certain private reasons, you want water more than a ship-wrecked mariner wants land.

Answers for the Anxious.

S. S.—Your poem cries aloud for the crematory.

R. V. F.—Be thankful. You will be permitted to escape alive.

R. S. V. P.—Well, whatever we may do, *you* won't answer.

HASHEESH.—Change your diet for cyanide of potassium. It will increase your popularity with the reading-public.

SYLVANUS.—No, dear boy, your merry jest is not new. In fact, it is old. It is very old. It is one of the earliest known jokes. It has been traveling around so much, indeed, that it is known in the profession as the Wandering Jeu d'Esprit.

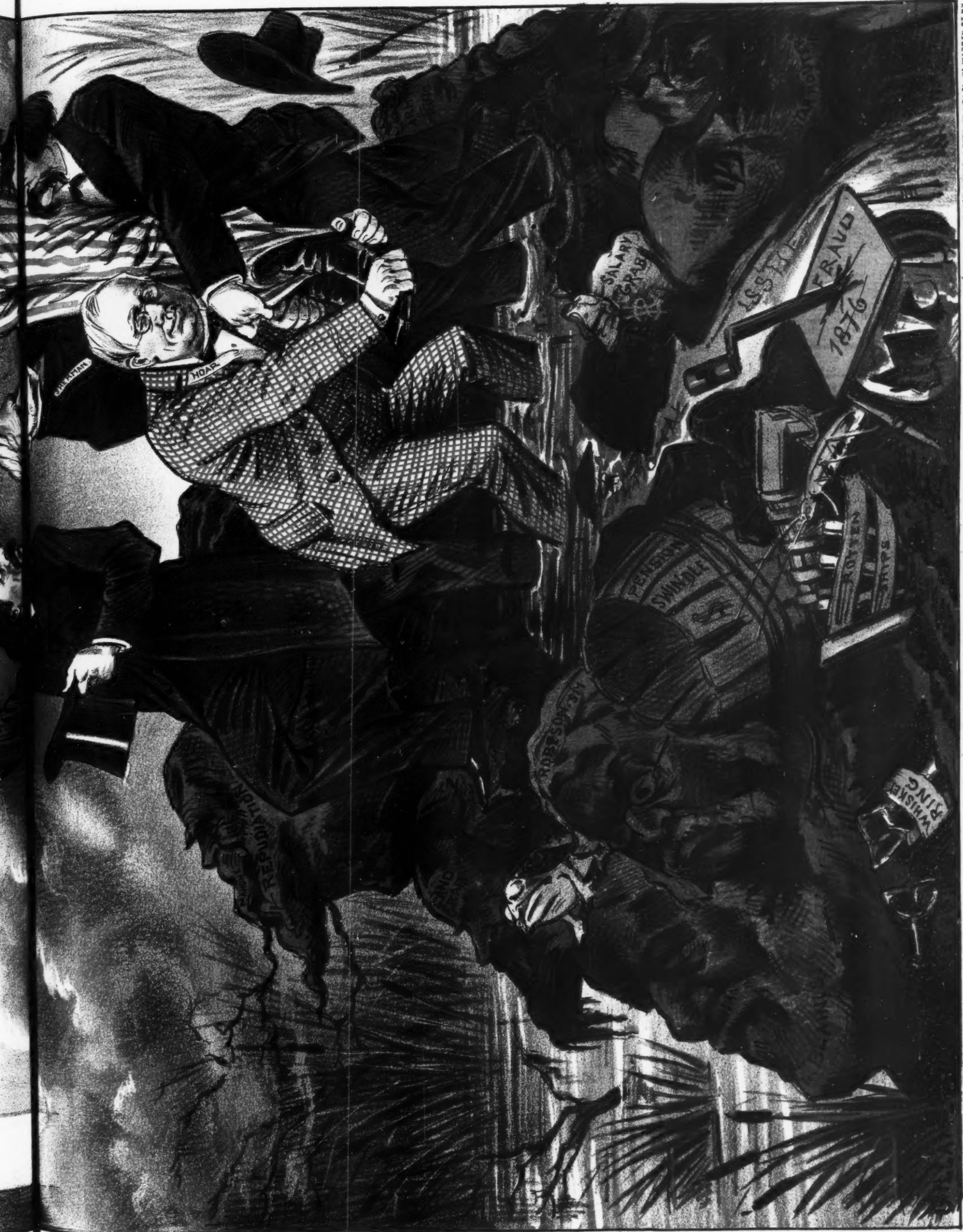
OLEUM.—It is a lightsome, pranksome fancy, and it might shine to advantage in the pages of the New York directory; but that is about the only place where we can imagine its doing any noticeable shining. It won't set up an illumination in these columns, at any rate.

GEORGE GRIGG.—You're a happy little sunflower of literature, you are. Here is the nineteenth century drawing to an honored close, and you come bobbing cheerily up with your stimulating, enlivening poem on the Thomas Cat. You ought to go to the torrid zone and let your cheek out for a refrigerant.

E. F. J., Binghamton.—No, you are in error. The poem, “Kiss me softly and speak to me low,” was not addressed to you. The ode you are thinking of is one by an unknown poet beginning:

“Crawl under my moustache;
Let the wild world go to smash—
Since we have the ready cash,
What care I?”





OFFICE OF "PUCK," 23 WARREN ST., NEW YORK.

2

A GREAT PAST AND A PITIFUL PRESENT.

UNCLE SAM.—"It's no use lifting me up to look at your Monumental Record, gentlemen; what can you give me to stand on *Now*?"

THE COLLEGE-STUDENT.

Now that the college-student is beginning to emerge from the general hurly-burly and confusion of the annual cane-rush, hazing scrape, and other innocent diversions attending the opening of another year of lofty and ennobling labor in the domain of knowledge, we shall have a good chance to take a look at him. His countenance is not yet sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and his eye is still bright with the health and buoyancy born of two or three months' dawdling around a summer hotel, or sleeping on pine twigs in a damp hut among the mountains. Alas! how soon this fine bloom of health will vanish from the manly cheek, as the pallid student burns the midnight oil in the old campaign torch, making night hideous with the braying of horns and the cries of pandemonium! But such is college life. Health, and even good looks, are of little consequence compared with the acquisition of wisdom and the building of a colossal brain, whose convolutions shall require a size larger hat every morning than the evening before.

In some respects the college-student is the eighth wonder of the world. While of merely ordinary proportions in a miscellaneous crowd, in his own proper domain and sphere he overtops the great statue at Rhodes. There is probably only one occasion upon which the college-student realizes his normal size, and that is when he finds himself in the grip of a little Milesian policeman with an abnormally developed brogue, and chin-whiskers twice the length of his wits. Culture is then obliged to take a back seat, while the embodied majesty of the law sits up with the driver and carries the whip.

Besides his magnified opinion of himself, the college-student is also remarkable for his microscopic distinctions between right and wrong. The first injunction of his decalogue is, "Thou shalt not prevent my doing what I want to"; and the last is, "Thou shalt not make a fool of thyself." It is hardly necessary to say that the student seldom reads as far down the page as the tenth commandment.

The college-student's idea of doing what he wants to is very broad—very nearly as comprehensive as his self-esteem. It is rather dangerous to oppose the young man in this matter, because he is so thoroughly and heartily convinced of the moral rectitude of his own inclinations. A rose by any other name would

not smell as sweet—this is the principle upon which the college-student's lark is conducted. Neither the ethical nor the æsthetical propriety of placing an undertaker's sign over a doctor's office seems to enter into the calculation at all.

It would be far from my purpose, however, to insinuate that the college-student exists solely to perpetrate mischief. Ah, no; that were a sad misconception—he exists also to devise it. Enter the dormitory of the student at any time before the witching hour of midnight, and you will find him with an open volume spread out 'neath the glimmering light of his eighty-five-cent lamp, laboriously soiling the margins with his heels, while tilted back in his easy-chair, blowing contemplative clouds of smoke to the ceiling. This is the student's hour for study. Deep within that busy brain what mighty thoughts are moving! Plato's theories, the philosophy of quaint old Socrates, apothegms from Plantus, pastoral visions from the odes of Horace—not one of these! He is studying the intricate problem how to conceal a wad of shoemaker's-wax in the president's chair, so that that dignity shall be obliged to preside at chapel exercises handicapped by the intimate confidence existing between the seat of his trousers and the baize cushion of his chair of state.

But, after all, what were the college without the college-student? To be sure, the institution would have a better standing in the community where it is located were there no undergraduates connected with it, and it is highly probable that the learned faculty could do more good in the world by writing books and spelling their wives with the baby than by distributing diplomas; but still, such an institution would not be a real live college. What we want in this country are real live colleges. We lose half our time sleeping nights.

PAUL PASTNOR.

CERTAINLY, DAVENPORT is an iceberg candidate. He is also an ice-cream candidate, and a refrigerated candidate, and you may safely wager all the silk hats you can wear or pay for that he will cause Mr. Hill to experience the coldest day of his life pretty soon.

ARTEMUS USED to remark that virtue was its own A. Ward. But Ferdinand doesn't, probably for fear of being accused of plagiarism.

THE RHAPSODY OF THE REFORMER.



Yes, I'm a Socialist.

Or, rather, I was. I'm getting sick of this Socialist business. It ain't what it used to be. No, it ain't. The whole scheme 's going all to pieces.

What's the matter? Why, it's getting altogether too blamed respectable and high-toned and aristocratic for me, that's what's the matter.

Look at what we were, and what we are now.

In the old days it was all right. We were a band of brothers, linked together in chains of sanguinary harmony. We were all so everlasting poor and common and cussed and ornery that we had a real good time together.

We were all united on one thing—we wanted the gore of the aristocrat; and if we couldn't get his gore, we wanted somebody else's. We wanted gore, anyway.

We waved the red flag in a comfortable, cheery way, and made the bloated bond-holder tremble in his downy bed, we did; and we went on the assumption that property was robbery—and it was. All the property we got was square, solid robbery, I can tell you that. And it was all free beer and good, solid, healthy old dirt, and we enjoyed ourselves and were ornery.

But now—look at it!

The dudes have got into the business. Here's a man named Morris hauled up in a London police-court, claiming to be a Socialist. And what does he turn out to be? Why, a manufacturer of dude wall-papers and artistic tra-la-las for the homes of the grinding monopolists, that's what he is. And a poet, too. Yes, sir, a poet! And he calls himself a Socialist!

And here, right in this very city, here was a Socialist meeting last week, with the Reverend Heber Newton, a full-blown ecclesiastical dude, coming down to talk to us. Man who doesn't want anybody's gore. Man with dude clothes on. Man with a whole pair of pants on. And he calls 'em trousers.

Bah! Pf-ff-t! Makes me sick!

There's getting to be too much style about this business for me. There's no show for a good, old-fashioned, gore-respecting Socialist in this high-toned crowd. Let me out. Let me go somewhere else. I'm no Socialist dude.

Bah!

BUNGSTARTER RENDROCK,
Socialist.

It is said that the members of the New York Base-Ball Club, dissatisfied with the fame they acquired this season, will write a series of accounts of the games they played, as the Generals have described the war. This may not be interesting, but it will be valuable as adding another horror to base-ball.

A POSER—The Actor on the Square.

ENTERPRISE IN THE DRY-GOODS BUSINESS.



FAIR WIDOW.—"But does it fade?"
MR. SILKENSTEIN.—"Vell, yes 'm, to dell you der troot, it fates a leedle—but it shoost goes off into a lolly violet aefter six monts or so—shoost lets you down mit your mourning easy und natural, ain't it?"

ASKING THE FLOWERS.

Tell me, daisy, ere I go,
Whether my love is true or no.
—Buffalo News.

Tell me, purple hollyhock,
Is this dicer worth a block?
Tell me, snowy mignonette,
Is the pug a proper pet?
Tell me fifty thousand things.
Tell me why a house has wings;
Tell me why the rural yop
Fries his steak and mutton-chop;
Tell me why the German fails,
When he mixes gin cocktails;
Tell me why the "peeler" creeps
In some areaway and sleeps;
Tell me why the damsel stops
At every window when she shops;
Tell me, golden honeysuckle,
In the breezes softly blowing,
Tell me, oh, you dark-blue
huckle-

Berry by the wayside growing,
Tell me what I'd better do,
For I'm feeling sort of blue.
Then the flowers in sonorous
Chorus
Cried in their light-hearted sport:
"Bet a hat on Davenport."

"WHERE ARE you going, my
pretty maid?"

"To purchase a PICKINGS FROM
PUCK," she said.

BRAIN AND CHEEK.

A Brain sat, one day, in exquisite quiet, absorbing from tomes of calf-covered lore the burning thoughts of brawny brains long gone before, when the door opened with a slam-bang, and a hard, brazen, brutal, sneering Cheek stalked in with the air of one who owned the earth, took the best seat in the sanctum sanctorum, and put his number eleven boots on the table.

The Brain looked up in a startled way, and waited for the hard, brazen, brutal, sneering Cheek to speak.

"Well," began the Cheek, tilting back his chair, and taking up the office-scissors and beginning to cut his finger-nails: "it seems we meet again. Every now and then you run across my path, and though you get most emphatically worsted in every encounter you have with me, you *will* try to 'bob up serenely' again."

"The world ought to be big enough for both of us," said the Brain, meekly.

"And so it is," answered the Cheek: "if you would only keep in your place; but that you won't. You're always getting in my way; you're always trying to do something you don't know how to do; you are everlastingly monkeying with things that I alone am capable of handling; you're invariably putting your oar into things that belong to my especial province. Therefore, when you get worsted you can't blame me. Here you're talking about the world being big enough for both of us, and yet you won't keep out of my elbow-room. One would think from the airs you put on that you want the whole planet, and maybe a few of the stars and a slice out of the moon. If there ever was a hog—a large, healthy, hungry, able-bodied, long-nosed hog—you, Brain, are one!"

And the Cheek scowled one of his blackest scowls, was silent for a moment whilst he regained his perfect composure, and then he resumed:

"You try to set yourself up against me; but I can beat you in everything. In politics and in business I just everlastingly get away from you. I lay you out so cold that one wonders how you are ever able to lift up your head and look people in the face again. I've got a better house than you; I wear better clothes; I keep horses and carri-

ages, while you have to go afoot; I can sell more subscription-books and lightning-rods in a day than you can sell in a life-time; I can borrow money whenever I want it, and keep it as long as I please, which you can't; I can beat you in the caucus, in the convention and at the polls; I can get the ear of the mighty, while you are kicking your heels in the ante-room; I can go into the circus free and have an upholstered front seat, while you have to pay for standing room—in fact, Brain, I can just knock you silly, and let you lie with your sails flapping whenever, wherever and however you put yourself in competition with me, and by this time you are old enough to know that you ought to keep out of my elbow-room.

"Why, you old, silly, unfortunate Brain, your pretensions make me tired! I can get the soft-

est snaps, whilst you have to get up early in the morning and hustle around for a quarter to get you a breakfast. Maybe you can do some things better than I can; but if you can, you've never done any of them. I always get to the first table, while you wait for the third; I have two seats in the railroad-cars, while you stand, or sit on the wood-box; at the seaside I get the first-floor rooms fronting the ocean, while you have to go up to the attic, and look out upon a landscape with a livery-stable and the week's wash in the foreground; the clerk embraces me as a brother, and wilts you with a look of extreme *hauteur*.

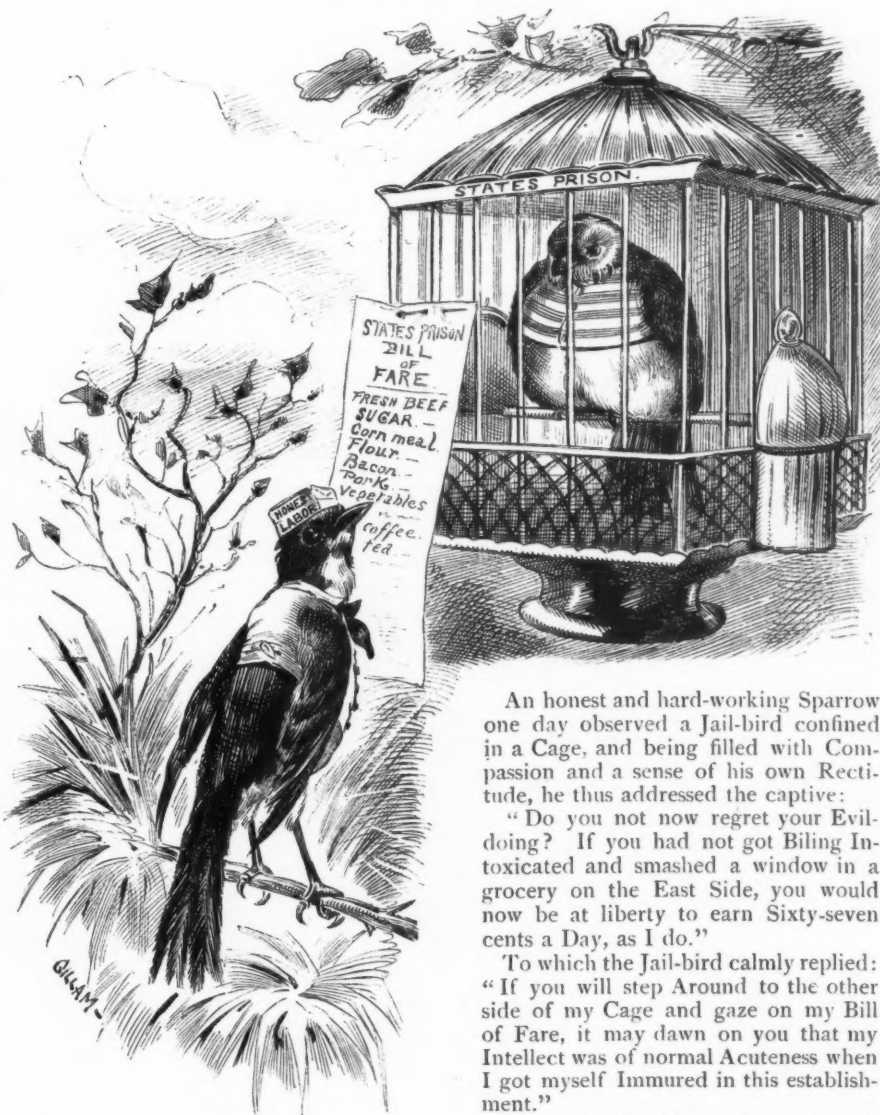
"And in matters pertaining to the tender passion, you silly old Brain, you know you can't come in the same arena with me; you can't even climb up and look over the fence. Wealth

and beauty flock around me, unable to resist my taking ways, while you sit back in the corner brooding over an unappreciative world. I can just have my pick of the rich and the fair, and you can have what I don't want.

"If you ever were of any account, you old bald-headed fossil, you have lost your grip. You have got to the station ten minutes after the train has left. You are the most utterly no-account person I know, and I'm ashamed to be seen out in your company. You are always poor and out at the elbows; you are always fooling away valuable time; you are always saying you don't get your just dues, while I go out joyously and get all that belongs to me, and often a great deal more.

"And just to think of it, you old scarecrow, you sometimes try to run a newspaper! I have to laugh when I think of it. The very idea puts my laughter in a frenzy. You actually think you can run a newspaper, and try it and make yourself the laughing-stock of the whole community. Why, Brain, I can wallop you out of your clothes, figuratively speaking, at that business. When I meet you in newspaper harness, you just have to pack up and get out. At that sort of thing you are a single tallow-dip that hasn't been snuffed for an hour, while I'm a six-hundred candle-power electric-light with a full head of lightning on. I can get more advertisements in an hour than you can gather in a season, and I can sail into

A LITTLE FABLE.*



An honest and hard-working Sparrow one day observed a Jail-bird confined in a Cage, and being filled with Compassion and a sense of his own Rectitude, he thus addressed the captive:

"Do you not now regret your Evil-doing? If you had not got Biling Intoxicated and smashed a window in a grocery on the East Side, you would now be at liberty to earn Sixty-seven cents a Day, as I do."

To which the Jail-bird calmly replied: "If you will step Around to the other side of my Cage and gaze on my Bill of Fare, it may dawn on you that my Intellect was of normal Acuteness when I got myself Immured in this establishment."

Thereupon the Honest Sparrow went Around to the other side of the cage, and when he gazed upon the List of Delicacies provided for the entertainment of the Inmate, he remarked: "Honesty is a Played-out Policy," and, going to a Sequestered place, hammered his head against a Rock until he expired of Concussion of the Brain.

MORAL.—The logical Deduction from this is not Moral, any way you can Fix it.

* The police jury of the parish of Caddo, in Louisiana, recently took a novel step by condemning the bill of fare in the parish jail as a direct encouragement to petty crime. The jury say, doubtless with entire truth, that the prisoners are given more and better food than a large majority of the citizens can provide for their families. There is a considerable element in every community which has so little capacity for feeling disgrace that the assurance of good fare is an actual temptation to make them put themselves under lock and key.—*Evening Post*.

a crowd wearing my usual beautiful smile and get more cash-paying subscribers before six o'clock than you could ever have on your subscription-books. To be candid with you, Brain, if there is one position in which you are out of place more than in others, and in which I can jerk the breath out of you in one easy jerk when I am in competition with you, it is running a newspaper.

"Really, you silly old Brain, I don't know a thing you are good for. I've often tried to think, but I haven't been able to discover a single thing for which you are useful, unless it is to stay at home and take care of the baby.

"But I've got important business on hand, and can't sit here fooling away any more of my valuable time with you, and, besides, you are not only a wretched failure in your business venture, but very poor company for a hard, brazen Cheek."

And with this parting remark the hard, brazen, brutal, sneering Cheek gave the Brain one last withering glance of contempt, put the office-scissors in his vest-pocket, and went out.

SCOTT WAY.

THE wedding-guests had departed, and the happy couple were ready to go to the dépôt, when the newly-made father-in-law approached the newly-made son, and said:

"Julius, I didn't place a check for twenty thousand dollars under Hattie's plate, as is often done."

"No, sir, you didn't."

"Instead of that, Julius, I credited the amount to you on a deal in wheat. It's so much margin put up by you—you see?"

"Yes, sir. In case you call for more margin, and I can't put up, you'll—you'll—"

"Close you out, of course, Julius. Good-by, and may the Lord bless both of my dear children."—*Wall Street News*.

A MAN in West Virginia inserted a red-hot poker in the spigot-hole of a whiskey-barrel. He doesn't drink any more; but his neighbors insist that they were right when they said that whiskey would finally be the death of him.—*Boston Transcript*.

PROFESSOR MARIA MITCHELL, of Vassar College, was presented by the undergraduates, on her sixty-seventh birthday, with a jelly-cake containing sixty-seven layers—one for each year. The presentation took place a couple of weeks ago, and, as the Professor is still alive, it is strongly suspected that she wisely refrained from eating any of the cake. It often happens that the pupils of a college have a grudge against their teachers, which they repay in a very original and unexpected manner.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE prevailing style: A leading society lady in New York, whose name we would not divulge for seventy-five cents, as it would spoil her contemplated sensation, has offered Barnum his own price for the skin of Jumbo. She wants to have it mounted and set on the side of her winter hat. Then she is going to take in the theatres, and don't you forget it! P. S.—You won't, if you sit behind her.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Say, you," said the conductor to a passenger who had his head stuck out of the window: "will you haul in there?"

"Fraid I'll lose my head, eh?"

"No, it isn't the head I care for. Give me the check out of your hat-band, and then go ahead and commit suicide, if you want to."—*Chicago Paper*.

A MAN who blew a fog-horn in Montreal and incited a crowd was arrested and sentenced to four months' imprisonment. If a Norristown boy were to go to Montreal and whistle through his fingers, he would probably be sentenced to imprisonment for life.—*Norristown Herald*.

HATS FOR GENTLEMEN.

N. Espenscheid, hatter, 118 Nassau Street, is now selling his Fall and Winter styles of gentlemen's hats. The universal celebrity which his hats, during the last forty years, have attained from their intrinsic beauty and excellence is the best guaranty that can be given for their superiority over all others. A trial will be sufficient to convince the most incredulous that on the score of economy, as well as of appearance, they are the best hats sold either in this city or elsewhere. 308

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

THE TARIFF OF ART.



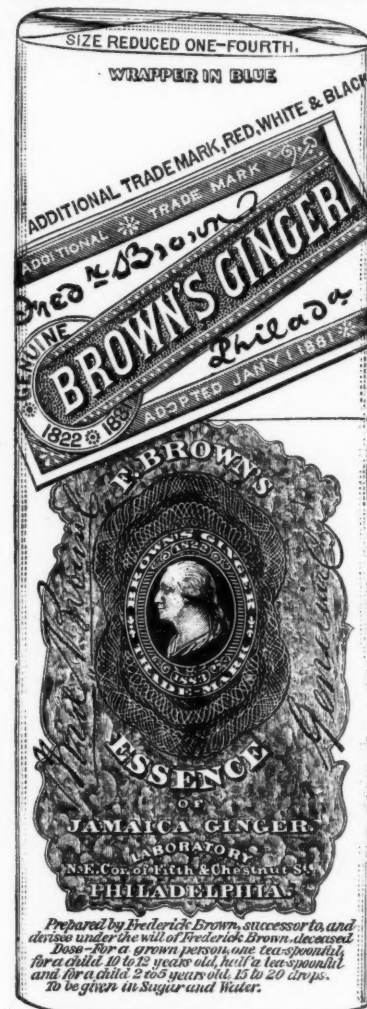
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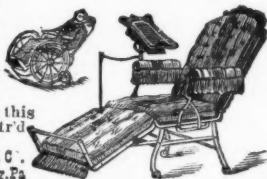
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Blessings on thee, little man,
Hasten slowly as you can;
Loiter nimbly on your tramp
With the ten-cent speedy stamp;
Thou art boss—the business-man
Postals writes for thee to scan.
And the man who writes "with speed"
Gets it, in his mind, indeed.
Ah, the man who penned the note
Wasted ten cents when he wrote.
And the girl for it will wait
At the window, by the gate,
In the doorway, on the street,
List'ning for thy footsteps fleet;
But her cheek will flush and pale
Till it comes by reg'lar mail,
Indorsed in boyish hand so round—
"No such number—can't be found."
Oh, if words could but destroy,
Thou wouldst perish, postal-boy.

Oh, for boyhood's easy way,
Messenger that sleeps all day,
Or reads, from rise to set of sun,
The *Weekly Terror* on the run.
For your sport, the band goes by;
For your perch, the lamp-post high;
For your pleasure, on the street
Dogs are fighting, drums are beat;
For your sake, the boyish fray,
Organ-grinder, runaway;
Trucks for your convenience are;
For your ease, the bobtail-car.
Every place and everywhere
You're not wanted, you are there.
Dawdling, idling, loit'ring scamp,
Seest thou this ten-cent stamp?
Stay thou not for book or toy,
Haste, vamoose, skedaddle, boy!

(He flies around the corner for lunch, goes
to sleep, wakes up and forgets who gave him
the letter, where it was going, what he did with
it, and returns to the wrong man to say that he
delivered it, and that the man said it was "all
right.")

OR MAYBE HE STOLE A FEATHER-BED.—
"Struck Down" is the title of a fashionable
novel. We suppose the hero kicked a gosling.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF THE UNION.—
During a recent session of the Guatemala Con-
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portrait of General Barrios be removed from
the walls of the house. Yells and hootings fol-
lowed. Stones were thrown. The windows in
the President's house were broken. The Guate-
mala people are not very strong on civil-service
reform and horizontal tariff yet, but they are
highly civilized, and as soon as they learn to
use a cuspador gracefully, sibilantly and con-
tinuously, we can see no reason why their coun-
try should not be annexed to this United States.
It is truly singular how rapidly these wild, un-
tutored beggars acquire the political methods of
the greatest republic on earth. — *Robert J. Bur-*
dette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

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I am a native of England, and while I was in that country I contracted a terrible blood poison, and for two years was under treatment as an out-door patient at Nottingham Hospital, England, but was not cured. I suffered the most agonizing pains in my bones, and was covered with sores all over my body and limbs. Finally I completely lost all hope in that country, and sailed for America, and was treated at Roosevelt in this city, as well as by a prominent physician in New York having no connection with the hospital.

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I see that Smith is coming up this way;
I hope he'll settle that account to-day.

Faith.

He's feeling for his wallet. Ha! I knew
That he'd come to pay that balance due.

Charity.

He's going past, by Jove! Well, well, no doubt
Some other creditor has cleaned him out.

—Boston Courier.

WHY NOT?

"Dear me, but I have been so unfortunate
in my little stock speculations," she was saying
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"Have you been in stocks?" queried one.

"Oh, dear, yes—nearly two years now, and
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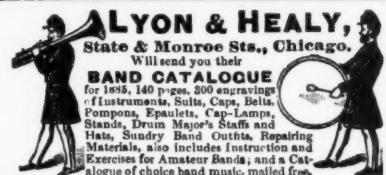


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"Mister, won't you please help me along?"
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"I mean, won't you give me fifty cents."

"What for?"

"I have fits, and—"

"Great Caesar! do they have to pay a fellow to have fits in this country? Up where I came from people don't have to pay for fits."

"I am not able to work—"

"Well, don't do it. I don't care if you never work any. I am not so very fond of work myself."

"All I want is money enough to pay my fare to Jenkinville."

"What do you want to go there for?"

"My brother lives there."

"Well, what have you got against him?"

"I want to live with him. Won't you please give me money enough to—"

"Have fits, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you are better off than I am. I haven't even got fits. I haven't anything. Go on off somewhere and amuse yourself." — *Arkansas Traveler.*

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Cure nearly all pains and lameness of the body, legs, joints and feet, Spavin, Ringbone, and kindred troubles quickly yield when not long neglected. It stimulates the nerves and muscles, quickens circulation, acts upon the roots and follicles of the hair, producing a thick, beautiful glossy coat, even on bald and scratched places. Money returned if not as represented.

Most of the lame and stiff legs so common to horses, are due to imperfect, impeded or irregular circulation. Electricity acts immediately upon the blood, nerves, tissues and secretory organs. It does not require days, weeks and months to cure; it acts at once, generally relieving in a few minutes. Any doubting reader will be simply astonished, not to say dumbfounded, at the remarkable results attending the use of this Brush, and one great beauty of our application is that there is no shock or unpleasant sensation felt in using it. Its relaxing and invigorating effects upon Muscles, Sinews and Nerves, rapidly improve the action and speed, while it excites a healthy action of the pores; cuticle, hair, follicles and roots, giving the coat that bright, glossy appearance which is often unattainable even by the most careful grooming.

AS A FLESH BRUSH

For the human body, nothing like its equal can be found. Rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, and all pains and aches resulting from disordered blood and disturbed digestion, yield in a few moments to its remarkable powers. Thousands have written us letters of praise and thanks. Copies will be sent on application. It makes a beautiful Flesh Brush, fit for any toilet, being chaste, yet rich in design, elegantly carved, highly polished, and with a strap at the back for the hand.

CAUTION.

If you want to lose your hair quickly, use a wire brush. They are not the Electric Brush, but thousands have been humbugged into buying them, believing they were Dr. Scott's. His are always Pure Bristles, not Wires. His name is on each box. If you are using certain wire brushes, you had better throw them aside at once.

Ask for DR. SCOTT'S.

A BEAUTIFUL BRUSH,

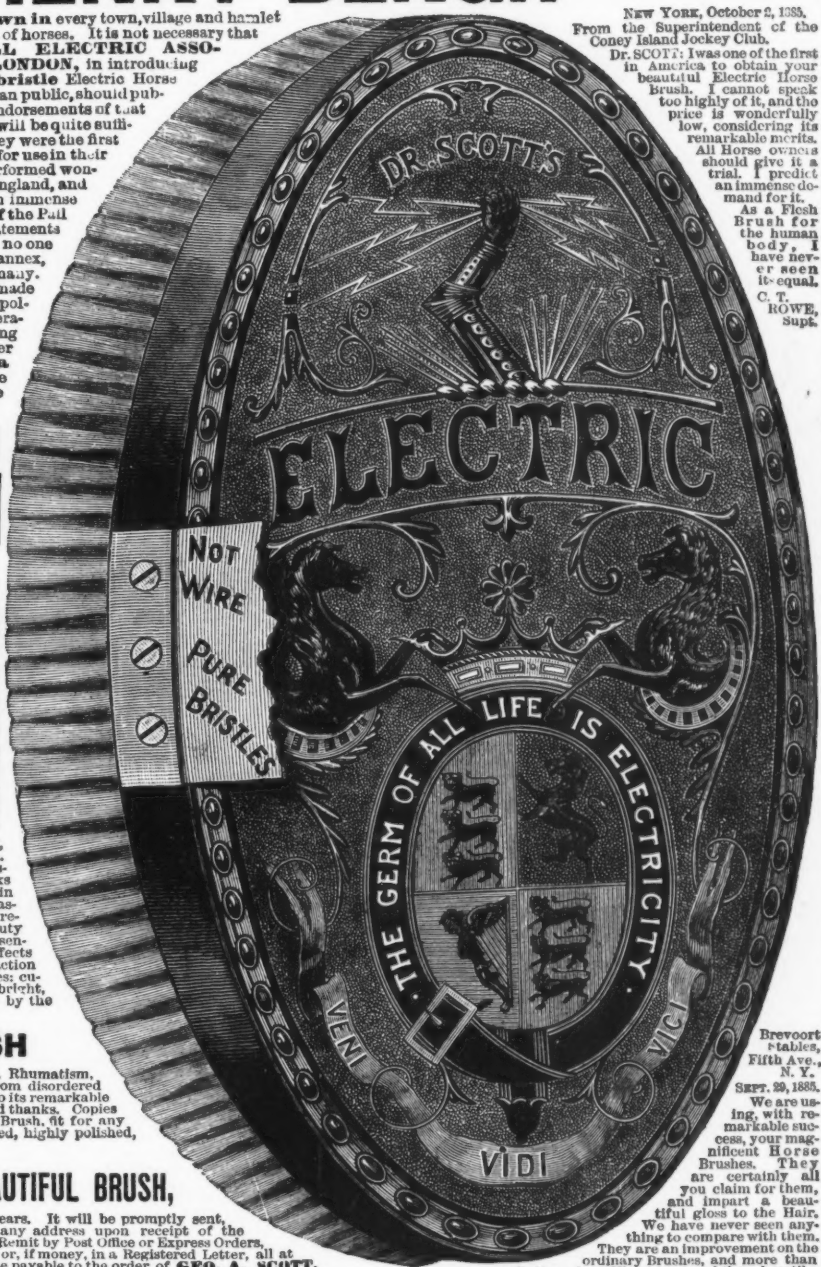
lasting for years. It will be promptly sent, postpaid, to any address upon receipt of the price, \$5. Remit by Post Office or Express Orders, Draft, Check, or, if money, in a Registered Letter, all at our risk, made payable to the order of G. E. A. SCOTT, 845 Broadway, New York, or, ask your Harness, Saddlery, Hardware Merchant or Druggist for it.

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Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SEE heah! you get away from dar;
I'se gettin' cold, I is.
You two is habbin' all de far,
An' I'm nearly friz.
I'se gettin' tired ob layin' flat,
All cut off from de heat.
You ain't a-gwine ter go? Take dat!
Caesah! I'se clubbed my feet!
—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

COUNTRY weekly newspapers are springing up all over the country, in villages of six hundred inhabitants and upward. The fact that Dr. Helmbold has recovered his sanity, and has announced his intention to re-embark in the manufacture of "Buchu," so extensively advertised some years ago, may have something to do with this boom in rural journalism. — *Norristown Herald.*

Blair's Pills. — Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy, Oval Loz, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists'. 303

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of Angostura Bitters half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article. Manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. 312

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